A

8.

True Copy

OF A

LETTER

(intercepted) going for *Holland.*

Directed Thus

For his (and his Wives) never Failing Friend

Roger Le Strange

At the Oranges Court with Care and Speed,
haſt, haſt, poſt haſt.

Parvis componere magnus.

LONDON,
Printed for H. B. at his Holineſſes Gun in
Pouls Church-yard, vvhere they
vvill be Delivered to you Gratis.

Feb. 10th. 1680.

Honeſt *Roger*;

PArdon the Expreſſion I beſeech you, I know I wrong you, but 'tis my Natural way of Speaking to all my Benefactors right or wrong, in the Front of whom I muſt ever place you as *Chief Squire* of the Quill to my Body; and the only *Broom-ſtaff* of my ſupport and maintenance, for 'tis thee dear *Roger*, who have ſupplyed my *Cannon* with *Jeſuits Balls* and *Powder* for above theſe Fifteen Years, and made it roar louder than all his Holineſſes *Bulls*, or the *Tantivy Trumpeters*: I do not in the leaſt Queſtion your ſafe Arrival at *Hanſlardike*, having thoſe wonder-working Prieſts in your Company (men of miracles) and not a *Maſs* ſaid without ye: Theſe together with that good old Proverb (I moſt rely on) he that's Born to be hang'd (for in my Conſcience that's the end on't) need never fear Drowning; ſecure me of your good paſſage, but to the buſineſs, yours from *Scotland* never came to my hand till *Printed*, through the unhappy miſtake of the Meſſenger, who thought the *Gun and Elephant* had been all one, with that in *Smithfield*, in the Fair time, and ſo carryed it to *Smiths* Caſtle in *Cornhill*; whence it came to me by *Intelligence*: I was *Strangely* confounded, when I read your hard uſage there, (what thought I) is *Englands Crack-fart* the Churches Champion, the Kings confident the Tongue-Plotting Dialoguing Diſcovering Maskerading Juſt-Aſſe, Truſty *Roger*, now forc't to ſcreen himſelf under *Jockeys Blue Bonnet* of the *Presbyterian Cut* under the very Noſe of his great Maſter for Shelter; it had like to broke my Heart-ſtrings (had they not been double twiſted) for grief and madneſs, but more of this (for a *Remedy*) by the next.

Honeſt *Tomſon* ſet out (ſoon after the Diſſolution) for *Briſtol*, where no leſs than four *Dozen* of our Friends came forth to receive him, but the *Aſſes* being twice the number of their *Horſes*, it ſeems they were obliged to ride double, whom the Hereticks have concluded them all *Abhorrers*, and I fear may Burn them (in Effigie) at his Holineſſes next *Proceſſion*: Father *Patch* hath ſummoned all the *Muſty* good Ou-Rats in his Territories, to meet on a Certain day at the ſign of the *Popes Bathing Tub* in *Rooks-all-ſtreet*, in order to Chooſe ſome *Par-Lee-men*, that may joyn with them to conſecrate the ⊕ Bath for *Holy Water*, and then take it with them (in Pint Bottles) to *Oxon*, in order to Expell Plots and Plotters; which *Tompſon* Swears, (as a Tryed man) 'twill do infallibly; and offers (the ſecond time) to pawn his Soul on it.

The old *Cock-loft Roger*, where you and *Tompſon Lay* has been ſearch't for you no leſs than Nine times already: But that which moſt vexed me (beſides their calling me *Raſcal* for hiding you, and then ſo ſtoutly denying on't) they brought that poor Rogue *Robin Hog*; and made him hold the Candle to them; where he (like an owl) Blundering on the Old Coffer at the Beds feet, cries out what's here, a *Printing Preſs*; no ſooner had they forc'd it open, but their (as the Devil would have it) they found your white Hat, *Lac'd Band* and Sword, with your Juſt-aſſe-ſhips *Gold Button Coat*, and the under Petticoat you had of Madam *Vaulting laſs* wrapt up together in *Tompſons Canonical Gown*: All which I had (though unluckily) juſt before (with much ado) Redeem'd from the *Lavender* in *Long-lane*; here's the Rogue, pull him out, ſays the *Short-ſtaff-man*: I had almoſt Burſt my ſelf, to ſee them ſo prettily deceived, though 'twas Damn'd hard (*Roger*) to looſe the *Premiſſes*, knowing your occaſions for them: However off they carryed them, Swearing though they miſſed your *Carcaſe*, they had got the *Better half* on you; and ſtuffing them out, with my old *Brooms*, and your Papers which lay Ruſting by me, (for faith *Roger*, all we can *Write or Print* is but waſt Paper, it will not *take* now adays) putting a Papiſt mask on them (as much to the Life as poſſible) they carryed them into the *Strand*, and have hung you up *Roger* (in Effigie) on the *May-pole*; where you may be ſure you want not for Spectators, the Hereticks Flock by Droves to ſee you; though few knew what to make on you, that's the beſt on't; ſome ſays its *Tom Blood* in his Crown-Cheat, others 'tis a true Son of the Church *Tom of Briſtol*, a third ſay 'tis a *Hermophrodite Strange-lee* compounded of *Giles and Cellier*, a forth 'tis a Proteſtant in Maskerades, a fifth 'tis the *mack-niny Juſt-aſſe* hung up againſt St. *David's* day, to make a *Taffee* on, a ſixth 'tis *Nolls Fidler* Metemorphoſt; others ſay 'tis a Mare-maid (neither Fiſh nor Fleſh) becauſe of the *Petticoat Roger*, but the wiſer ſort, ſwear down right, 'tis old *Touſer*, and *Touſer* is all of them.

Pray acquaint your *Orange Miſtriſs* with the Birth of her *Royal Brother* (by the Fathers ſide) which dropt lately in *Scotland*, to the great joy of all good Catholicks, who ſwear (by the Maſs) he's Born to be a *Pope* infallibly; coming into the World, with his *Left great Toe* in his *Right hand*, which poſture makes the ſign of the + exactly: and is ſo hopeful a Bantling, he hath the *Breviary* and all the Office of our Lady by heart already; and conſtantly ſays his *Pater noſter* Eleven times in a day; though ſomewhat *Snuffling* through the noſe, which *John Cadbury* ſays (having calculated his Nativity together with the way of his procreation,) proves him to be the ſon of his nown Daddy, deſcending in a Right line from old *Fenney* the *Sage* and as like him as poſſible, Laxative to Admiration.

Here hath happened ſome *Miracles* lately (beſides that of the comet and the *Diſſolution*) old *Will Staff-ord* (it ſeems) is forced to do *Pennance*, for telling ſo much truth of the Plot and (mack-niny) our Maſter; though troth (*Roger*) I think it ſomewhat hard meaſure, I dare ſwear he near intended it living not dying: Beſides one would have thought (in good conſcience) his laſt Holy Lying in denying on't, together with his Sufferings, might have made amends for that over-ſight, he hath held ſeveral *headleſs* conferences with their Lordſhips in the *Tower* (and ſome out on't) to find out ſome way (ere to late) how to keep off the Approaching evil day (for it muſt and will come *Roger*) either by ſtroaking *Toms Cheeks* with yellow boys in order to an eſcape, or elſe to multiply them into ſo many *Thouſands*, as may pay (in part) our out guards, and ſome other preſſing *neceſſaries* (male and Female) in order to diſſolve the Enemy; for look ye Sirs (quoth *Will*) I tell you Vows, Oaths, Diſpenſations, *Sham-plots*, Countermines Lying and Denying, no nor the promiſes of either *Captain* or *Lieutenant* or both, how e're they flatter you, can (if once they get you at the *Boarded Theatre* at *Weſtminſter*) help you off with your Necks whole; you ſee (if the Fathers will give you leave to believe your own lyes) I ſpeak by experience, as well as *Ned Coleman*, and to ſay truth theirs no knowledg like it: this Laſt (*Roger*) I am inform'd was agreed on as the *Beſt* (becauſe the *Laſt*) Remedy; upon which old *Will* took his leave, paying as much reſpects to their Lordſhips as was

poſſible

possible for any one under his circumstances, and took his way directly to *Newgate*, to visit the dispairing Fathers (his last *Speech-makers*) where he found them in a most profound consult (together with Lame *Giles* and *Betty Cellier* in St. *Colemans* Apartment) how they shou'd also escape the approaching *Nooses*: *Belzebub* be with ye (says *Will*) if he be not here already; if he be not (quoth *Manson*) you *Lop headed Dotard*, did his Devilship ever leave any of our Profession, so long as we had a single minutes time left for Plotting; but the questions, like you, and your late *Reading* (we heard on't) did ever Puppy *Mumble* over his Lesson at such a rate as you did the very Catholicks, as Blind as they are) as well as Hereticks swore they could *see* you *Lye*: Oh unpardonable Mortal Sinner to be so discovered, had you as many heads as *Hydra*, you deserved to loose them all, for that your *Drunken Folly*; you should have Wish't, Curs'd, Swore, invoked God, Angels, and Men, to bear you Witness (though in a Lye) and *Dared* Heaven it self to contradict you) this had been right Catholick indeed, like our dear Brethren at *Tyburn*; and at worst but *Pia Fraudes*; this sharp Greeting rais'd the Old Gentlemans Choler to the same height, as when he *Buggered the Boy* in *Hey-nault*, and Swore by Hell and *Rome* he'd tare them into Atoms, and so save the Hangman the Labor, at which menaces away Flies *Giles* for his *Pillory Armor*, and *Betty* to Act the second part of the *Bloody Bladder*, crying out, *good my Lord, don't be worse than Savage, to a Woman in Labor*, the Priest mean time on their Knees, at Exorcisms, Damming him by *Bell-Book*, Salt Spittle and Candle, with a whole Cart load of *Church Curses* to Pepper him; But *Will* defy'd them all, laying their *Telping* came to late (like *Colemans* Pardon) he was as bad as bad could be already, tickling them the while with *Langhorns Whip*, 'tis thought they will not live long after it; and if not hang'd the sooner, will petition the Hangman for Execution; however the good man scap't not *Scot-free*, for they had sore cut the late *Stitches* in his disjoynted Neck in the Rencounter, so that he was forc't [like St. *Denis*] to *carry it under his Arm*, down to his Holinesses *Slaughter-house* to have it have the *Sommerset*; where the old Woman, that happened to see *Godfreys* holy usage; and began to *Cackle* of it; not understanding [it seems] those Duke-all Directions, of that Blest intreague; 'twas thought fit by the Fathers, to send her privately on an Errand into *Purgatory*; where it probable old *Will* came acquainted with her, this very Woman [I say] getting loose, and coming [in the Dead of Night] to pay her respects to her great *Mistress*, attending her [as formerly] with a *Chamber pot* and fine Towel, met old *Will* at the Door of the Bed chamber, and seeing his Lordship in that pickle offered him very civilly the use of her *Utensils* which the good man accepted of very kindly; and so fell to *Dabling* his separated Noddle in the Chamber-lye, which (I assure you *Roger*) was afterwards put into a Bason [*Consecrated* for that purpose] and placed in the Wall of the Chappel, next to the Shrine of our Lady, by the little Door, on the right hand of the Altar, the very self-same *Spot*, where you used to kneel *Roger*, with a *Red-cross* over it, and *Roger* believe me, I speak not only the real sense of my own tryed experience, but 'tis also the Catholick Faith, of all our Believing Romans its now the *Best Holy Water* that ever Catholick dipt in, for notwithstanding its original was but from that *Chip in Porridge*, 'tis wonderful in its operation, even to a Thousand Miracles, and of Fifty times the value of *George Wakemans Bottle*.

As to the old Woman she continues very diligent, in opening and shutting the Doors and Casements, making the sign of the ✠ In every Corner shewing the Pictures, and Relicks to Friends, giving some signs of her own and *Godfrey's* Exit, pointing to the several places where they laid him; But the Fathers are hard at it (and if prayers fail) they are resolv'd to Bribe never failing *Betty* to lay her: But of this *Roger* not a word, for fear the Hereticks *Smoak* it; old *Will* I hear is for certain, posted down into all Quarters (with others) our indefatigable *Jesuitical, Levitical, Atheistical, Pentionary, Plotting, Trumpetting, Damning, Betraying, Abhorring* Friends, to Act their utmost in this new *Bustle*, procured (*Vor*) and *By us*; with Bills of *Exchange*, for Thousands of *French* (*Lumber-street*) *Dust*, may Bubble the unthinking: For trust me (*Roger*) what e're you design on t'other side the Herring-Brook, now is the time, or never; to save our Bacon; here's an odd Story (*Roger*) runs about Town, of a *She Heretick* (But all of our Faith believe her mad) who says (and offers to Swear to) something in *White* Appears to her often, foretelling the removal of some Body (to the Westward) by Poyson into *Limbus Patrum*, much about *Cuckow time*: Certainly (*Roger*) this can be no Angel of ours for they (you know) are all *Black*; besides the Devil (surely) has more wit than to spoil a Design so much to his (and our) advantage, by telling on't, that would be to much like the Hereticks, who we hope, will ruin themselves e're long by *Dividing*: Hell be prais'd for't; yet *Roger* suppose (for once) it were an Angel of Light; we have taken that care before hand; he shall be *Credited* at Court, just like the *Plot* in *Utopia* and signifie no more to them then the *Comet* which (they Swear) only foretold the Death of *Nelles Lap Dog*: But (*Roger*) now I am here, let me acquaint you with my Observations, I know 'twill please you, nay there's no true Catholick, but sings *te Deum Laudamus*, for it all the World over those *Boanerges* who thundered so loud lately at *Romes* Doors, his Holinesses could not sleep (nay stir) for them; met with a *Northern blast* t'other day: puft them out (at pleasure) to the West-ward; had you been here (hodge) you had split your Guts with Laughing.

2. To see them look (when 'twas too late) like things that *could* (or at least, at present *would*) not help it: But above all to see our late sculking Friends so *Strange-leegeriv'd* upon't, Damning them as brisk as ever: I have been told the Bible says somewhere (for that's a Book I seldom meddle with) when their was *no King in* Israel, *the People did what they would themselves*: But Faith (*Roger*) we have just turn'd the Tables, ours in (and out) oth' *Church*, do it when there is *no Parliament*; had you but heard (the 31th. past) Tantivy *Pelt-ing* pay them off, with 40 and 48, you'd have sworn, he had our done you and *Tompson*, he told the Hereticks plainly (though we shed it) the Martyrs Blood cut did the *Flood of Jesus*, and forc't it for his Argument: Next (*Roger*) have at the *Virgins-Milk*, that may out-do them both, and then he's fit for *Cardinal*; here I could enlarge my self (*Roger*) on the Fathers, 22 out of 26 at the least: But 'tis needless, 'twill do it self shortly; therefore (since 'tis late) i'le here conclude, assuring you what now I have writ is certain truth in every syllable, and you may swear it (*Roger*) morally, much safer (without a Dispensation) than that you are no *Papist*. But a Pox on't (now I think on't) there's a List of *Queries* Bawld about the Town, far worse than that oth' Pentioners, I must acquaint you with them, and they must be answered too (if Hell and *Rome* can do it) or else we may Write, Plot, and Swear our hearts out, they'le not believe us: They call it a *Match for Touzers Heraclitus Ridens*, that Damn'd Paper has put them on't, the Devils in't, you must be Scribling; 'tis like your *Stranges case* that Brought a Dozen Witnesses to Light, who proved you (through your own Fooling) to be a forsworn Villain, and a *Down Right Papist*; which never (perhaps) had otherways been heard of: But I'le not be passionate least I misinform you; therefore in Cool Blood (*Roger*) 'twixt *Jest* and *Earnest* take them as you find them, put by Hereticks, here's just half a Dozen of them. 1. *Querie*, whether those Popish Arbitrary Designing Knaves, who talk so loud of 41 and 48, ought not to begin their reckoning somewhat about 30, in the long *intervals* of *Parliament*, and tell us the whole story fairly on both sides (*viz.*) Monopolizing *Ship money*, Scotching our Birth-rights (Parliaments) book of liberties, *Scotch* Voyage, *Star-Chamber*, *Bishops Courts*, *Corrupt Judges*, *Massacre in* Ireland (in which were Hellishly Murthered above 200000 Protestant Souls (yet Papist no Rebells remember that) seizing the necessaries (near *Chester*) sent by the worthy Citizens of *London*, to cloth and relieve those poor languishing Protestants, who had escap't the *Savage Papists* and lay naked under the Walls of *Dublin*, Commissions of *Army*, setting up the *Standard*, declaring *War*, now *Tory* say (withal your impudence, who begun first; tell us *that* (in truth) we'le allow the *Rest*, in earnest. 2. *Querie*, whether *Scotch Oaths* (with others since) *Douglases Sermon*, *Beeda promises* liberty of Conscience, *Mock marriages*, *War with* France, *saving* Flanders, be not in *Jest*. 3. *Querie*, whether breaking Leagues, Dutch *Wars*, Chattam Victory, Smirna fleet, French measures loose of Shipping, *Poland-Letters*, Wars in Christendom Blood of Protestants, be not in Earnest. 4 *Querie*, whether Divine *Rights*, fair Speeches; true Protestant love to Parliaments just Rights, *English* Liberties, Plot Ignorance, Hanging Traitors, be not in jest, 5 *Querie*, wether grand Debauchery, Whoring Courtiers, *Popish* Councels, Cheating Rogues, *Hellish* Plottings, saving Traitors, Rotten Peaches, *French* Pentioners (and Curst English ones to) Nests of *Whores*, Swarms of *Bastards*, *Macks Cut throats*, horrid Murders, Burning Cities (and the *Provosts house too*) Sham-plotting, Counterminings, *Suborn'd* Villains, False Boggeries, *Papist Officers* (by Sea and Land to) *French* Agreements, Dissolutions, buying voices, false *Returns*, designs to Ruin us, be not in Earnest. 6. *Querie*, whether Church Papist, Divine Bishops, Tantivy Abhorrors, Touzers Barking, Papists Scribling, (to save their Bacon) and deceive the People, for Swearing the Plots mack-ninies Title, Jesuits Councels, *French* Assistance, to conquer *Ireland*, subdue *Scotland*, gain *Flanders*, beat the *Dutch*, get their Shipping, be masters of the Seas, force a Rebellion, keep up the Plot, Retreeve our Cause, by getting (this *Bout*) a Popish *Pentionary*, *Abhorring*, *Betraying*, English, French, Irish, *mack mongrel Parliament*, who shall betray their Country, enslave posterity, destroy themselves (at last) to save Papist Traytors from hanging, whether this (I say) can be done, by all the Arts, means, ways or moneys *Pope* or *French*, Duke or Devil can invent or supply; time must shew: But oth' my Conscience (*Roger*) to speak freely 'tis now too Late to do the Trick: This also will prove a *Jest* in (Conclusion) yours *H. B.*

Now Crack-fart Roger, let your Crack-farts Fly
The Tell tale Comet, Scribble out oth' Sky.
Thy Pen Does wonders, wheels of Charles's wain
Turn somewhat stiff, you'le set them Right again.

I in a Hop-sack, 'tis such Knaves as you
Crack both the Poles, and stops their moving true.
Go on and Scribble, till the Gallows find
You out of Breath, the Halter stops your Wind.

Sic volvere Fata.

134386